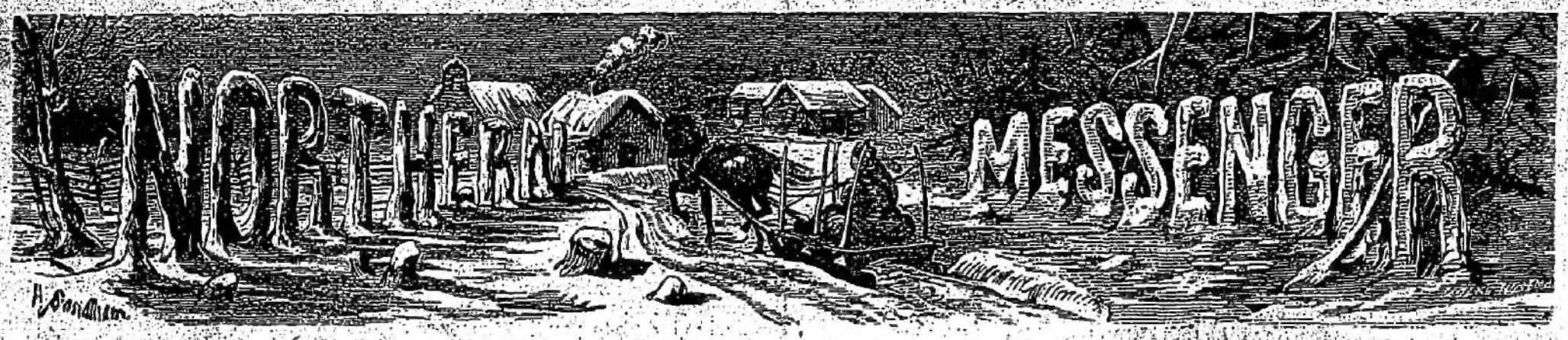


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

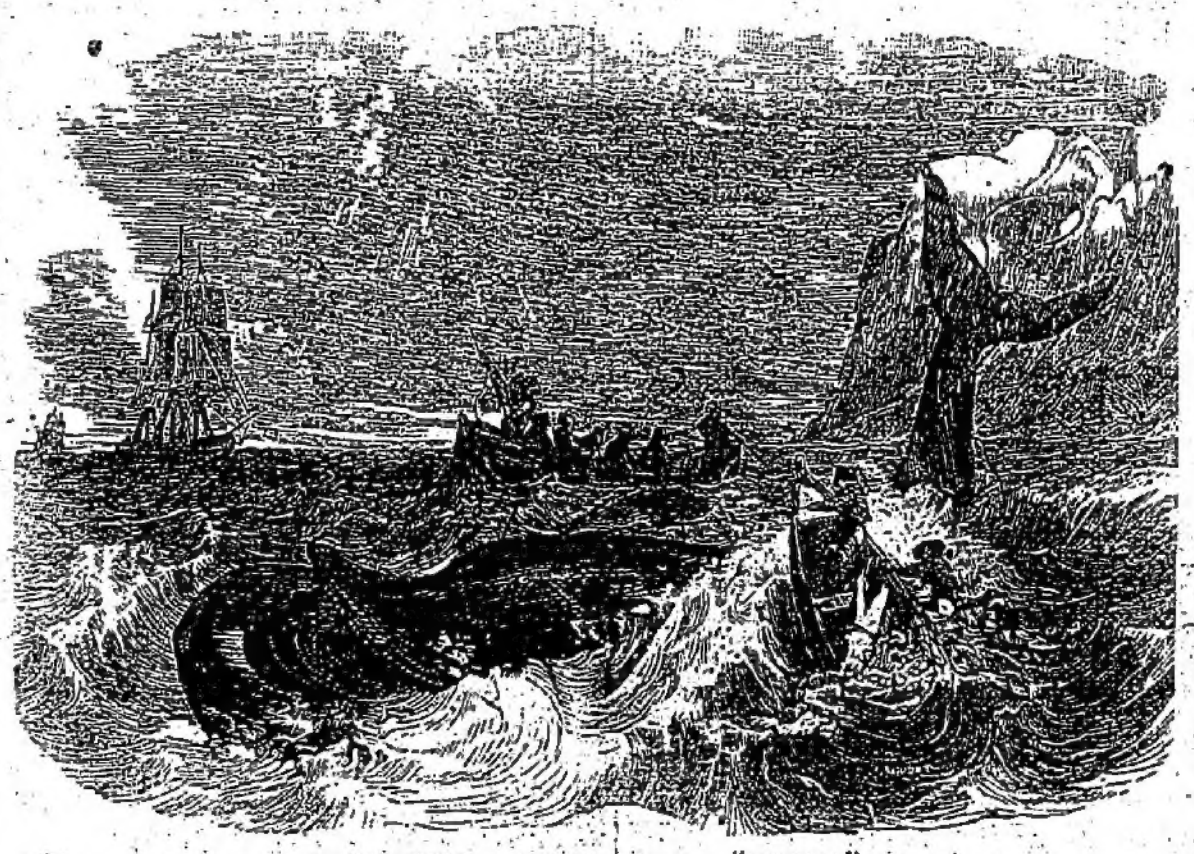
VOLUME XVII., No. 4. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1882. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

AMONG THE WHALES.

Whales are the largest living animals now known, and well spoken of by Burke as "gigantic game." In general, they are divided into Phytophagous, or plant-eaters, Zoophagous, or animal-eaters. They have no external ear, other than an orifice; no visible neck; no hair or scales on the body. Some are supplied with teeth in both jaws, some only in the lower jaw, some have no teeth at all, as in the variety that gives us the whalebone. They are air-breathing animals, respiring through "blow-holes," or more regular nostrils. So it is only by sufferance that they are called "fishes," as a true fish is not an air-breathing animal. They have two ventricles to the heart, and are warm-blooded. In short, they belong to the great family of mammals.

Whales show their age in the color of their skin, as we do in our hair; white and gray appearing upon it as they advance in years. Some thus become piebald, or spotted with age. Occasionally specimens, of some varieties, attain an enormous length, from 80 to 100 feet, and in olden times, when not so thinned out by the murderous harpoon, they may have extended themselves even still farther. A certain specimen of the great Northern Rorqual, the largest of the whale tribe, is said to have measured 105 feet. And in the single stomach of one of this variety, were found some hundreds of large cod, and apparently as many thousands of pilchards, a fish near the size of the herring. It is supposed that their eyesight may be more acute and powerful under water, than at the surface; and also somewhat so with their hearing; which may possibly account for the facility with which the whale-boats get so near them.

The two varieties of whales principally sought for by our whale-ships are the Sperm Whale (Cachatot), and the Right Whale (Balæna mysticetus). The Sperm Whale, from which comes our sperm oil and sperm candles, has its lower jaw strongly-toothed, hanging on to an enormous head, which measures at least one-third of the entire body. This great head has in it a large cavity, called a "case," where the spermaceti, or sperm oil is secreted and held, and from which it is baled out, sometimes in quantities amounting to a ton or so, or ten or twelve barrels or more.



WHALE FISHING.—THE WHALE IN A "FLURRY."

Its heart, also, is said to be in some instances so large as to throw forward from ten to fifteen gallons of blood at a stroke. Of course, the mouth is immense, extending nearly the entire length of the great head, and with a throat to correspond; apparently ample to receive the body of a man. At least, no fisherman lost in it has ever come back to controvert the statement.

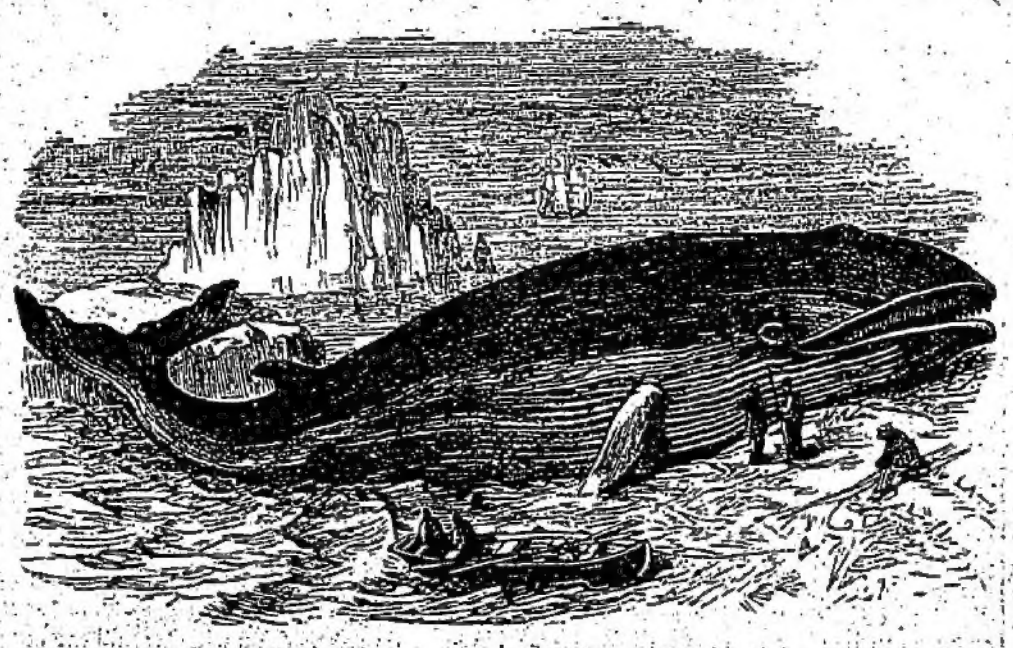
The skin of the sperm whale is generally black, shaded into white on the belly. Immediately under the skin lies the blubber, or fat, which boiled or melted, furnishes the common oil. One of large size may afford 100 or even 150 barrels. When alarmed, this monster spouts with tremendous noise, ejecting the water through his blow-holes with intense velocity. When he decides to leave the dangerous nearness to his hunters, he gradually sinks his heavy head below the surface until obtaining a perpendicular direction, with tail up, and then shoots himself straight down into the fathomless deeps; there to stay forty or fifty minutes, or a shorter time, at his pleasure. And woe to the boat that happens to be exactly in his path when he comes up again. Many a boat's crew have found themselves flying in the air, or scattered on the waves, by such an agency!

This huge creature is sometimes known to leap clear out of the water, and to fall back upon his monstrous side. And alas! for the boat's crew that are then under him! When struck by the harpoon, or pierced by the sharp lance, his signs of pain are distressing in the extreme; and most terrific are his dying writhings, when he comes to what the sailors call his "flurry." Lashing the waves with his tremendous tail, he "maketh the deep," as the book of Job says, "to boil like a pot: so that one would think the deep to be hoary."

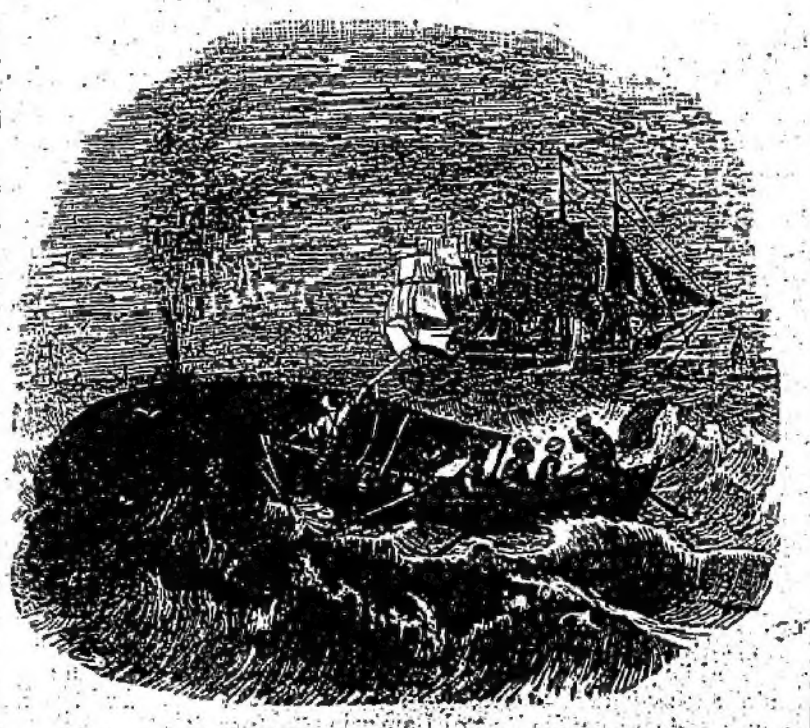
The Right Whale differs in structure from the Sperm Whale, and is typically larger, and affords very much more oil, 150, 200, or even more barrels from one carcase. This is the variety that gives us our whalebone or "baleen," commonly called in England "whale-fin;" as also dealers in it there are known as "whale-fin merchants." This whalebone is attached to the upper jaw, and composes all the teeth that the creature has. It hangs in long strips, or blades, up and down the huge mouth, and acts as a seine, net, or strainer, to catch the minute shrimps, medusæ, &c., for food.

In feeding it opens wide its cavernous jaws and swims forward at a most rapid rate, engulfing multitudes innumerable of the fish kind, which it catches or detains with its hairy whalebone seine, while the water thus strained pours out in great streams at the sides of the mouth. The poor little shrimps and other kindred creatures seldom find escape through the closely-grated gates of this, to them, most horrible dental apparatus. So true is it that "the big fish eat up the little ones." Then man steps in and uses up the big ones. But how long it may be before he has used them all up it is impossible to conjecture. But the thing itself is not impossible.

As to the dangers, sometimes sailors get entangled in the line attached to the harpoon, and are so dragged into and under the water. Mr. John Dillingham, now living at Edgartown, Mass., was once so dragged down beneath the waves, but with great



THE RORQUAL, OR GREAT WHALE OF THE NORTH SEAS.



HARPOONING A WHALE.

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presence of mind managed to get hold of his knife, with which, as the line slackened for a moment, he reached down and cut it, and so freed himself. Instances have occurred where the entire boat's crew, boat and all, have been towed down into the bottomless deep, from a negligence, or inability to cut the line in season. Sometimes boats are directly attacked by whales in their vindictive fury, and dashed to atoms. Cases, also, have been known, where the sperm-whale, using his enormous head as a battering-ram, has greatly damaged, or even sunk, the largest ships. About the year 1819, the ship Essex, Capt. Pollard, sailing from Nantucket, foundered, from the repeated blows of a sperm-whale, judged to be 80 feet long. The ship sank in ten minutes after the second stroke. The crew saved themselves by taking to the boats, and landed on an uninhabited island, where three of them chose to remain, rather than to take to the sea again, and were never after heard from. Out of a crew of twenty-five, only five survived to reach their native shores, and to tell the horrible tale.

The Ship Union, also, likewise from Nantucket, Capt. Gardiner, in 1807, was lost by the same means somewhere between the United States and the Azores. So we see that the whale, if he had reason enough to recognize his own tremendous power, could wield the bludgeon with great effect, so as possibly, to drive his captors fairly off the field. But, poor things, the human intellect masters them; or what amounts to the same thing,

"Whales in the sea,
God's voice obey."

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Temperance Department.

ROBBIE'S VOW, OR, "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY JEAN MCLEAN.

Sunday afternoon in the country—could anything be more delightful? Robbie and Nellie thought not, as they sat with their mamma under the shade of a fine old tree and listened to her as she told them of Christ and his out-of-door life—how he taught and healed and comforted the people with promise and blessing.

"Which would you rather have been of all Christ cured?" asked Robbie, suddenly.

"I would like to have been the ruler's daughter," said Nellie.

"And you, mamma?"

"I should like to have been the mother who had her only son given back to her arms and love," said mamma, fondly gazing into the clear blue eyes of her only boy.

"And I, mamma would have been the man who had the devils cast out: I would rather have my soul cured than my body; and how much that man must have loved Jesus when rid of so much torment! Do you suppose people have devils in these days?"

"It would seem so when we see so much wickedness. There is one demon," mamma continued solemnly, "that seems to enter into the souls of men and leads them to do themselves as much injury as the man among the tombs did himself."

"What is it?" asked Robbie, coming nearer and looking eagerly into her face.

"Some call it the spirit of revelry, others the demon of drink."

"Oh, I know—the spirit that was in Willie's father in Mr. Abbot's story-book you read to us; but that was cast out, you know, after old Simms' shop was burned. Do you suppose it was a devil that made him drink, and at the last Christ pitied him, and cast the devil out?"

"It was the spirit of evil in him that made him drink, and it was only when he came to a determination not to obey that spirit, and to seek the help of God to resist it, that he stopped his evil ways. Robbie, drink is one of the most terrible of sins: it leads to everything else that is bad. Now, I want you, while you are a little boy, to set your mind against it, and determine you will never touch, taste, or handle it; and I am going to give you a vow to learn and keep."

"Why, mamma, Nellie and I have made a vow ourselves; we made it after your talk to us last Sunday on bad habits: this is mine, and I shall keep it if I live to be a hundred years old:—I will not drink liquor, I will not chew or smoke tobacco, I will not swear, so help me God!"

"And I will keep mine, too, mamma," said Nellie, as she repeated in a clear, sweet voice: "I will not be in the company of those who drink liquor, who use tobacco, or take God's name in vain. We didn't think of one thing said Nellie, faltering, "Grandfather chews, and he is a good man."

"Why, yes, he is a good man—he is a minister—that is, he preaches sometimes."

Both children looked appealingly to their mother to settle this great difficulty for them.

"Grandfather began to chew when he was very young; he lived in a state where young and old used tobacco and nothing was thought of it. He has tried to leave off a great many times—tried hard—but the habit has become so strong, to leave off he thinks might kill him. He will be so glad you have made this vow, and may you always keep it; you will be saved many a tear, and God knows how much sorrow."

The next day Nellie and Robbie, with their mother, went to the city. They had their usual good times, ending with ice-cream; and then their mother said:

"I have some errands to do, and you must sit on the Common; I shall be back in a very little while."

They were city children only out in the country to spend their vacation; so they felt very much at home when their mother left them on a nice seat near the soldiers' monument. Robbie became very much interested in a man who was selling pictures.

"Here's photograph soldiers' monument only five cents."

But no one seemed to care for the picture when they could see the real thing; so the man stopped calling out, and came close to where the children were sitting. His face was flushed and his eye restless; he looked very unhappy. Robbie gazed at him intently and then whispered to Nellie: "I smell his breath."

Nellie nodded and said: "So do I."

"Do you suppose it's really a devil inside him?"

"Yes, it must be—see how wild he looks."

"Poor man, and he don't know how it can be cast out; perhaps he never heard. I shall tell him," said Robbie decidedly. Suddenly and sharply, he spoke: "Mister, is it a devil?"

"What?" asked the man, turning his haggard face and resting his bloodshot eyes for an instant on the boy.

"That—you have inside of you and wanting you to drink?"

"Yes, ten thousand devils, and the tortures of hell with them. Say, little boy, have you got five cents; do you want a picture?"

"No, but I can tell you how to get rid of the devils."

"No, you can't," said the man sadly. "I've tried that—all I want is to get dead drunk, and then—die."

"My mamma says it's your own will, with the help of God, that casts out devils in these days. You must determine you will not drink—and then ask God to help you. I've got a vow." Slowly Robbie repeated to the man the words he had said to his mother the day before.

"Oh," said the poor fellow, a sob bursting from his lips, "if I had any one to help me, I would try once more."

"Where is your mother?"

"I've been a bad son to her; she thinks I am dead. I would to God I were!"

At this moment the children's mother stood beside them; they had been so interested they had not seen her coming. Those last despairing words were heard by her, she had come swiftly to take her children away from their strange companion, but these sad words touched her.

"You are in trouble, young man," she said.

"It's the demon of drink, mamma," said Robbie; "he says if he had any one to help him, he would try once more to have it cast out? His mother thinks he is dead. Mamma, couldn't you?"

Looking lovingly into Robbie's pleading face, the lady said: "I have a friend who has a Home for such as you, and he can give you help. I will get a carriage and take you there."

The young man lifted his head hopefully; then it fell upon his breast, and he said: "I have no money."

"But I have, and will pay for you."

"You have no right to do anything for me. Oh, believe me, madam, I have not always been like this. I have graduated from college; I have been—oh, what's the use?—you can do nothing for me; you have no right to do for such a miserable fellow as I."

"I have a right to do for all who suffer."

"Do please let her help you!" said Robbie's persuasive voice.

And so it came to pass that the poor picture seller found care and skilful treatment at the Washingtonian Home. Some months after, you might have seen a tall, fine-looking young man as book-keeper in one of the most important places of business in Boston, and not recognized him as any one you had met before; but Robbie would have told you he was the same young man who sold pictures on the common, only the devil was cast out of him, and he was free to be himself and to take care of the dear old mother who had so long believed him dead, but to whom he was now restored, clothed and in his right mind.

"Mamma," said Robbie, earnestly, "do you know how near you come to having your wish?"

"How, my boy?"

"Don't you know that Sunday morning under the trees when we told our vows you said you would like to have been the woman who had her only son given back to her?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have helped to give back an only son, and just think how much happiness. The doctor never could have cured him if you had not brought him to his place."

"And we could none of us have been of any service but for you, dear boy. I think God directed you that day; it was he who put the thought into your heart, and who spoke through your lips; always obey his voice and you may be the instrument of much good."

In the young book-keeper's room there are two mottoes I would like to have you see. Nellie worked one and painted around it a wreath of the flower, Life-everlasting; the words are: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The other is a lithograph, and Robbie's face hangs above it; it reads: "A little child shall lead them." Could you know how earnestly the young man repeats Robbie's vow, and how closely he follows the advice of the kind physician in whose institution he was cured, you would believe he had entered into a safe path—the one that leads to eternal happiness—and you would realize how pleasant his mother's last days are to be—her boy given back to her once more.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ABOLISH LICENSE.

The Rev. H. H. W. Hibshman, D.D. in an address delivered before the Temperance Institute of Northampton Co., Pennsylvania, says:—

What father would allow me to give strong drink, without charge, to his sons, every day of the week, and just as often send them reeling and staggering, swearing and swaggering, through the streets, on the ground that they were sober when they crossed the threshold of my house—on the ground that they were not drunkards, but respectable and gentlemanly young men? Not one. You would call me brutish and dangerous in the extreme, and my house, though it were garnished like a palace, you would regard the very den of iniquity; you would drive me from the community smarting under the strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails; you would brand me vulgar and infamous for ruining your sons, and unfitting them to follow any vocation creditably. This you would do. You could not allow me in your midst if I engaged in the nefarious work of giving strong drink every time your sons came sober to my home, until they were just getting tipsy—"a little top heavy." Of course it would subject me to the rigor of the law. I would be arrested and punished as I deserved most justly. But I ask, why allow the License System to protect men doing this very same thing? Why grant the legal right, why make it as honorable as it can be made by legislation, to and for a few, not to give gratuitously, but to sell "the fire of dragons" to sober men until they give indications of being "visibly affected"? No answer can be given. It is a diabolical system. It discriminates in favor of a few to do by license what public opinion condemns in an unlicensed man. It permits the few to do by law what the State declares "a misdemeanor" in the unlicensed. Such a system should be abolished. It is a reproach to intelligence and civilization. Legislators should be prevented by the Constitution from enacting laws in favor of, and protecting men in selling of, strong drinks as beverages.

It is a wild statement to assert that "the desire for stimulants is one of the strongest instincts of human nature." Men are not born drunkards. They are not forced to the use of strong drink by irresistible instinct. No; men are made drunkards gradually. The appetite, in most cases, for strong drink must be engendered. The State by granting the right to wholesale and to retail intoxicating beverages makes it legitimate for her sober men to be transformed into drunken sots; and as long as the License System is in force, so long will the nefarious work go on, so long will the number of drunkards, non-contributors to the development and sustenance of the Commonwealth, become greater year by year.

It is time the Law forbids the selling of spirituous drink to drunkards and minors, and forbids the sale of it on the Lord's day. But liquor is sold to minors; it is sold to drunkards; it is sold on the Lord's day. You can see drunken men and boys every day of the week, and how do they become intoxicated? Where do they obtain narcotics, producing stupor, coma, convulsions? Does the blame attach to non-licensed men of giving or selling it to them? I trow not. The License Law is answerable for it. It is asserted that one-half of the licensed houses in the State are selling to minors and "to visibly affected men through intoxicating drinks" on the Lord's day. We are told the Law should be enforced. It cannot be done. It would be a hopeless undertaking. Judges, lawyers, magistrates, police officers, grand and petite juries, courts, and legislatures have given up the effort to enforce license law, and "it runs riot to the ruin of all that is lovely and of good report."

MR. HOWLETT AND THE SACKS.

It would be difficult to name a place of any size in England in which the late George Howlett did not lecture, but a visit paid by him to Norwich deserves to be mentioned from one curious circumstance connected with it. He lectured on the appointed evening to a crowded audience, and on the following morning strolled out to visit the places of interest in the town. On his way through one of the thoroughfares he was accosted by a man who was standing by a cart loaded with sacks of grain, which had to be deposited in a story of a warehouse communicating with the street by a ladder. The man said, I heard you at the meeting last night, and much of what you said is true, but I don't believe anyone can haul up sacks like these without beer." "Come along," said Mr. Howlett, taking off his coat, "you go first and show me the way."

The man shouldered a sack, and Mr. Howlett did the same.

"Look sharp," cried Mr. Howlett almost treading on the man's heels, "or I shall run over you!"

By the time that two or three sacks were deposited in the loft, a crowd of about 200 persons had assembled to watch the strange scene. Before this crowd the man acknowledged that Mr. Howlett could do the work better as a teetotaler than he could as a drinker. The man was induced to sign the pledge, and keeps it to this day.

WOMEN OF AMERICA! Put your little feet on this liquor traffic. You can trample it out of existence. Never smile upon a young man who is not a teetotaler. Tell him that you do not care to cultivate or have your daughters cultivate the acquaintance of those who indulge in intoxicating beverages, because you believe the habit is debasing, and those who indulge in it are in danger of becoming enslaved by it to the disgrace of themselves and friends. Be firm in adherence to this rule, and the bar-rooms will close for lack of patronage, and station houses and gaols will by and by have vacant cells, and alms-houses will have more spare rooms.—*Anvil.*

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. MAY'S CONCLUSION.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. May sinking into a chair and sighing as though tired out, "If young girls had any sense they would stay in their father's houses, where they were well off and had easy lives. There sits Mary Samson at her window, writing a letter, I presume, at nine in the morning. She looks as cool and unruffled as a water-lily, and how young and pretty she is. Nobody would imagine that she and I left school on the same day, and that our birthdays are only a week apart. But my life is very different from hers! Mr. May's business worries him and makes him nervous and irritable, and never had mother five such restless children as mine. And then the everlasting botheration of the servants. I am just weary of it all. No wonder I am growing old and faded looking!"

A gentle elderly lady, with a placid face, sat in her low rocker by the hearth and listened to this plaintive outburst with a sympathetic and yet a half-smiling expression. She had a little bit of some pretty white work in her lap, but her hands were not busy with it. She wore the air of a person whose thoughts were often good company and to whom continual employment was not always a necessity. She could sometimes sit still—a blessed talent that, as some of us who are incessantly busy know, by comparison if not by experience.

"Well, Aunt Irene," said Mrs. May impatiently, "why don't you preach your sermon? I see it plainly in your face."

"Then there is the less need of my preaching it," said Aunt Irene. "I do feel like asking you, though, whether on the whole you would be willing to change places with your friend over the way?"

"Why no, not precisely; I wouldn't give Richard up nor one of the children, troublesome comforts that they are, for anything in this world. Still, I do regret that my youth is drifting away so fast, and sometimes I think that by the time Mabel is a young woman, if I grow old at this rate, I'll be taken for her grandmother instead of her mother. There's the baby. He hasn't had a good nap, and now he'll be cross."

She left the room and presently returned with the baby in her arms. He had the rosy look of perfect health, his eyes were like great dewy violets, two pearly teeth had just made their appearance, and he was a baby to be proud of. The tired little mother bore him into the sitting-room with a sweet happy light in her face. It fairly transformed her. She did not seem to be the same person who had rather petulantly tied on Kitty's hood as she started for the kindergarten, and said good morning to Archie, Dick and Mabel as they set out for the academy.

"I don't know why it is, Aunt Irene," she said, "but I can always be patient with the baby. As the children grow older they try me so much more. Sometimes I question whether I love them as I ought after they become able to lead independent existences."

"I want to read you part of my friend Alice R.'s letter, which I received yesterday," said Aunt Irene. She says: "Yes, time does change us all greatly, but do you know to me, who study faces and expressions with an artist's eye—the changes are often a great improvement, even on youth and freshness. I am sure that in life's battle every victory over self is a line of beauty, and surely the lives of good people write their history on their faces. You never find a noble looking person who is self-indulgent."

"I do not think I am self-indulgent, Aunt Irene," said Mrs. May, with a rather pathetic tone of voice.

Aunt Irene laughed.

"You miss the point, my dear. I meant you to see that people like Alice who look deeply into these things, see higher and lovelier beauty in those who have felt, thought, and suffered, than in those to whom life has been existence on flowery beds of ease."

"Thank you."

"And I've been wanting for a long time, dear, to tell you that your great trouble is that you expect too much. You are amazed and grieved at a little boyish roughness in your sons, though at heart they are little gentlemen, and you have no tolerance for Mabel's fretfulness, though half of it is caused by her rapid growth and lack of strength. You have too little patience with yourself. When you learn to respect your limitations, not trying to do too much in a day, and keeping from agitation over chipped china and frayed linen, you will be happier, my darling. As for your husband ——"

"Don't say a word more, Aunt Irene. My husband is the very best and dearest of men, and it is I who am the impatient one. Indeed I may as well admit that I am myself the family barometer. When I am calm and cheerful, they seem to be the same; and when I am perturbed and contrary, husband, children and servants, feel the influence of my temper of the moment."

"Then, dear, how essential it is for you to remember two rules. One, never to speak when you are excited and vexed, but to wait till you are tranquil. The other, to let no day, whatever its engagements, pass without waiting at the Master's feet, and gathering strength and calmness there."

Mrs. May had by this time washed and dressed the baby and as she sung him to sleep Aunt Irene breathed an unspoken prayer that the mother and babe might both be blessed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BENDING THE TWIG.

One of the great difficulties of life is the wise spending of money. It demands trained faculties and much strength of character. Is it reasonable, then, to expect of young men and women that they shall be prudent and judicious in expenditure, when as boys and girls they had no income and no practice? It is the theory of most parents that their children have all that they should reasonably desire, since it is all that the paternal purse can afford; liberal comforts, many luxuries; and that to give them money, which they would of course waste, is an unjustifiable indulgence and extravagance.

But few parents understand the vast educating power of responsibility, or the wisdom of laying the necessity of choice and decision upon children from the very beginning of their power of choice and decision. Of course they will make mistakes, and these very mistakes teach them as no admonition or example can do. Every intelligent child of six or seven years of age, being given the control of his spending money, whether it be a penny a week or a shilling, will at first buy what he does not want, and bewail the absence of the thing he did desire. But presently his blunders will have taught him a balancing of claims, a deliberation of choice, of which he could not otherwise have seen the necessity. He will begin to save his pennies, because he sees that shillings buy something better worth having. And the little headlong prodigal will have started on the road to thrift and prosperity almost before he knows the meaning of the words.

But that this sense of ownership may do its work it is essential that the allowance should be fixed, the limit within which it may be spent clearly understood, and good advice withheld except when it is asked for. And as the children grow older, the sum allotted them should be increased, till it covers all their personal expenditure. Ethel at fifteen should be as competent to buy her stockings, gloves, ribbons, under-clothes, even her dresses, so far as quality and price are concerned, as her mother. And she will be, if she began purchasing her toys and pencils at six. But she must be rigorously held to the logic of her mistakes. If she buys tasteless and flimsy things, she must pay the penalty of wearing them or of going without. Next time her chastened choice will not betray her. Or, if Jack buy a worthless jackknife, or a mongrel puppy, or a shoddy coat, and must abide by his bargain, he has bought with them an experience which makes it cheap.

But precept and practice will go for nothing unless the law is absolute that there shall be no parental alms-giving. It will be so hard for mamma to see the girls in shabby gloves and soiled hair-ribbons, because they have inconsiderately apportioned their month's inheritance, that dainty parcels will be apt to find their way to the bureau drawers, or small advances to offer themselves from her kindly purse. Or it will seem such a creditable taste in the boys to want that microscope, and to be so eager to study entomology, although they have spent the price of the microscope in a bicycle, that the fascinating instrument is very likely to appear in their room. And by this tender and cruel generosity all the force of their experience will be wasted. Unless effect is to follow cause, what discipline can there be? The law bears hard only on those who infringe it, and to the end that they may not again transgress.

Besides the prudence which this sense of ownership develops, it begets a self-respect as well. The habit of teasing for money or for gifts is a form of beggary, and, like all beggary, degrading. The child feels, although he does not reason, that he has a right to certain possessions at the hands of his parents. They are, to him, sources of unlimited supply, and if his demand is refused, he is apt to feel resentful and defrauded. But if he is told that just such a sum, and no more, can be afforded for his little pleasures, and that he may choose himself what that shall buy, he will be rich with half the money which would have seemed niggardly had it been spent for him. There is a sweet reasonableness about children, and a self-respect that springs up vigorous when they are respected. And of all forms of trust none is so flattering as that which confides the use of money, for it implies in the receiver judgment, prudence, honesty, and honor.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CORN HUSK BASKETS.—Here is a way to make good baskets at home, and pretty and cheap, too, out of corn-husks—thick outer husks for strong baskets, and for light and finer ones the white inner parts. These must be wrapped for an hour or so in a damp towel, and then cut into strips of equal width. Make an ordinary braid with six or more strips, which may be doubled, or even trebled, for greater strength. Thread a needle with heavy, waxed linen thread, and having dampened the braid, form it in an oval, five or six inches long and three wide, for the bottom of the basket, and sew the adjoining edges of the braid together, as in a straw hat, but do not overlap them. Go on coiling and stitching for the sides of the basket, widening the opening, until the basket is deep enough. The handles are made of a heavy three-stranded braid, which is sewed all around the top of the basket, just inside, and looped up at the middle of each side. For ornament, wind the handles with scarlet or blue braid, put a box-plaiting of it around the top, and work a bunch of flowers on one side in gay worsteds, with long stitches. The opposite side may have a letter or a name.

HOW TO MAKE A PANORAMA.—Nothing is needed except a box, either pasteboard or wood, and for the rollers take an old broom-handle. Cut it to fit the width of the box; then take a tack or small nail and drive it through the under part of the box into the bottom part of the roller. Put a crank on the top of each roller; then join the pictures neatly together with flour paste, being very careful to keep them in a straight row, so that they will roll around the rollers straight; cut an opening in the back of the box large enough to admit a candle. Now all is finished; take it into a dark room, with the candle lighted, turn the crank, and your panorama moves along. Without any expense, and with very little trouble, it affords the maker much amusement. Any boy or girl can make one.—*Frank J. Gutzwiller, in St. Nicholas.*

SWEET APPLE JOHNNYCAKE. — Pare, quarter and core enough mellow, sweet apples to fill a quart measure; make the cake with two cups of sour milk or buttermilk; thickened with corn meal, shortened with lard, butter or cream, and soda enough to sweeten. Butter a tin, put in one-half the cake, then the apple, and spread the remainder of the cake on the apple. Bake one hour. Eat warm with butter.

PAPER AND PAPERING.—When, in papering rooms, the new paper is put on over the old, as it too often is, there is an accumulation of mould, which is necessarily poisonous, as all mould is, which is unfavorable to health. When such double paper is removed if one would have a sweet room, it is needful to scrub such walls thoroughly till all is removed, wetting the paper if it does not readily come off, and then wash with strong saleratus water.

OATMEAL BLANC MANGE.—To make a delicious cold dish of oatmeal, boil for two hours or longer four ounces of oatmeal in a quart of milk, slightly salted, using a double kettle or farina boiler: the oatmeal should be reduced to a jelly-like consistency before it is ready to be removed from the fire; then cool it in cups, whence it can be turned out, and served with cream and sugar.

PUZZLES.

A CHARADE.

In first the Indians take a last
Off of the bleeding foe;
Whole is a sprite, on any night
He can be seen, you know.

WORD REBUS.

T

D

TRANSPOSITIONS.

First, I pertain to kingly race,
With crown and sceptre is my place.
Transpose me and my dazzling light
Will make you shut your eyes up tight.
Transpose again and ope your eyes
So you can see my ample size.
Now change once more, and freely own
That I'm a beverage best—*let alone.*

HALF-WORD SQUARE.

A genus of medicinal plants.	* * * * * * *
A Bible mountain.	* * * * * *
Having two feet.	* * * * *
Calm.	* * * *
Guided.	* * *
Pronoun of neuter gender.	* *
A vowel.	*

TRANSPOSED PROVERB.

"Huhtog huto hudssolet ryba a lofo ni a otrmra mngao hawet ihwt a etepsl eyt ilwl ont iha olsfoihsens eatdpr rmfo ihm."

HARADES.

1. I am a word of two syllables. My first is made of the bark of a tree. My second is to fasten things together. My whole to extract my first.

2. My first is a small animal. My second a low seat. My whole a plant, which has sometimes a very disagreeable odor.

3. My first is a nickname for a boy. My second is used in cooking. My whole what every boy covets.

4. My first is an article of food. My second is found in closets. My whole is used for catching my first.

5. My first is used as a beverage. My second is a cooking utensil. My whole is used for holding my first.

6. My first are small insects. My second is a sticky substance. My whole is found in a lady's work-basket.

7. My first is a kind of herbage. My second part of a mill. My whole an insect.

8. My first is a carpenter's tool. My second is a noble animal. My whole is used in sawing wood.

9. My first is worn by all. My second is a useful little article. My whole is used for fastening my first.

10. My first is a small animal. My second used to ensnare. My whole to catch my first.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
4, 11, 14, is a large piece of wood.
2, 6, 12, 8, is an article of jewellery.
17, 1, 10, 18, is a state of feeling.
25, 16, 3, 7, 13, is a hard substance.
19, 22, 24, 23, is part of a house.
21, 15, 6, 5, 26, is used by carpenters.
23, 3, 20, 9, is a vegetable substance.
My whole is a familiar phrase.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

I.

Let every one be good and ——
And walk on tiptoe even ——
Dear mother is no longer ——

II.

Don't even in the water ——
Don't make a snapping with your ——
Go read, my dears, beneath the ——.

III.

Ah! what was that I heard! A ——?
Yes, Tom as usual, has been ——
And he has fallen from the ——

IV.

If he were hurt, he did not ——
He is of boys the very ——
I could with praises fill a ——

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF FEBRUARY 1.

Enigma.—Drab-Bard.

Word Rebus.—Announce.

Numerical Syncopations.—1, Ra(vl)sh. 2, Pr(iv)ate. 3, Gra(v)y.

Riddle.—Paper.

Diamond.—

A
ARM
ARBOR
ARBUTUS
MOTET
RUT
S

Buried Verbs of Affection.—1, Woo. 2, Welcome. 3, Treasure. 4, Entertain. 5, Admire. 6, Adore. 7, Kiss. 8, Love. 9, Esteem. 10, Caress. 11, Regard. 12, Serve.

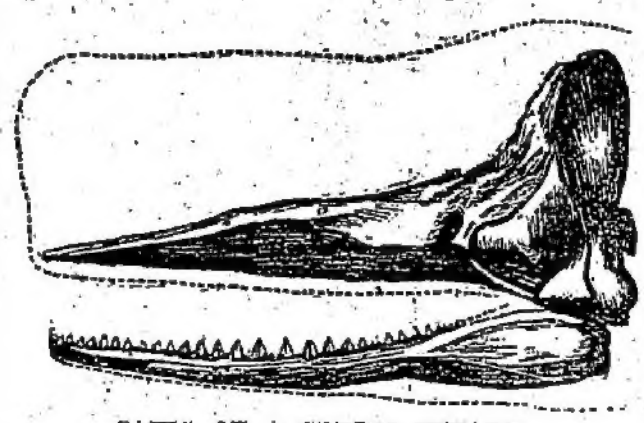
POWER OF A TRACT.

A small Christian tract was dropped from a box of books which passed through a heathen village in Hindustan. A native Hindoo picked it up, regarding it with wonder and admiration. He had never before seen any but native books, written on palmleaf with the iron pen. He could understand the characters, for it was written in his native language. But what could it mean? It revealed to him the one living and true God in contrast with his own vile and cruel gods. It told of a merciful Saviour, Jesus, and the way of salvation through him. He took it to his home, and read and studied the wonderful book.

From whence came it? Why was it sent? He read and pondered, day after day, and at length called in his neighbors to read the book with him, and talk about it. Day after day, week after week, they met together to study the book. It was the all-absorbing subject throughout the village. At length they came to the unanimous decision that the book was from the true God, sent by him directly from heaven, to teach them the truth, and that they were bound to obey, as far as they could understand it. They agreed to abandon all the idols, to give up the cruel and wicked ceremonies, to pray to the true God, and ask him to teach them how to worship him aright.

A few months passed, and they were steadfast in their allegiance, not knowing that any other people on earth had the same knowledge. At length they heard of the Mission at Cuttack, some hundred miles distant. They heard of a new religion there, of the white teachers, and their strange books. They immediately sent a deputation from their village, with the book which had revealed such good tidings of great joy to them, very carefully wrapped in native cloth, and earnestly begging the missionaries to come to their village and teach them the way of life more perfectly. The senior missionary, with a native preacher and teacher returned with them to their home. They took also a good supply of Christian tracts, gospels, and school books. They were welcomed with great joy, upon their arrival and found a willing people, prepared for the Lord. They spent several days visiting from house to house, examining and instructing the people, commending them to God, and finding a number were true believers in Christ the Saviour, trusting in him alone for salvation, baptized them, and formed a Christian Church. A Christian school was also commenced.

Idolatry was abandoned all through the village, a Christian church was built where the idol temple had stood for ages. In every house the family altar was erected. Truly the wilderness was made to bud and blossom as the rose.—*Monthly Cabinet.*



JAWS OF A SPERM WHALE.

A DIVINELY SENT SUPPLY.

An aged friend gives us the following story:

"I knew a pious widow who had been reduced by her husband's death from affluence to dependence, and even want. Her first trial was having to part with an old, faithful servant, when she was herself in very ill-health; still she rested on the faithful promise, and believingly looked to the Lord's hand to supply her daily wants in His own way.

"One morning she arose, lighted her fire, and put on her kettle, but found she had no tea. For the first time in her life she was without her usual refreshment, and had not a shilling in the house to buy what she needed. The thought crossed her mind, why should I lay the breakfast? I have no tea? But entering the room with the tray, she thought she heard a voice saying to her, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God.' She looked around to see if anyone was present, and at that instant a knock was heard at the door—a friend's servant had brought her a parcel from a distance.

"To her great surprise she read in a note, 'I beg your acceptance of a pound of the tea you used to like so much, knowing that you cannot procure it where you reside; also please accept a sovereign for your little girl to buy her a dress.' Then she did indeed see the salvation of the Lord, and in a short time her relatives provided for her, so that never after was she in want of the the comforts and necessaries of life."—*Sword and Trowel.*

SHE LOVED HER NEIGHBOR.

An example in the city of Philadelphia, showing how the "royal law" can be practised by the poor as well as the rich, is reported in one of the religious journals.

A poor woman, who was only a huckster in one of the markets, became a living commentary on the great precept of loving-kindness.

"I don't know anything about the Christianity of the big churches," said a black porter on the wharf; "but I do know Ann B—, and I believe in the God that makes her what she is."

A specimen of her spirit, and the way it always made for her, is furnished in an incident of one of her street-car rides, when she was feeling sad to think how little good she could do with "only ten cents" in her pocket

"I just prayed to God," said she, "to give me a chance, and in a minute I noticed the woman beside me was crying.

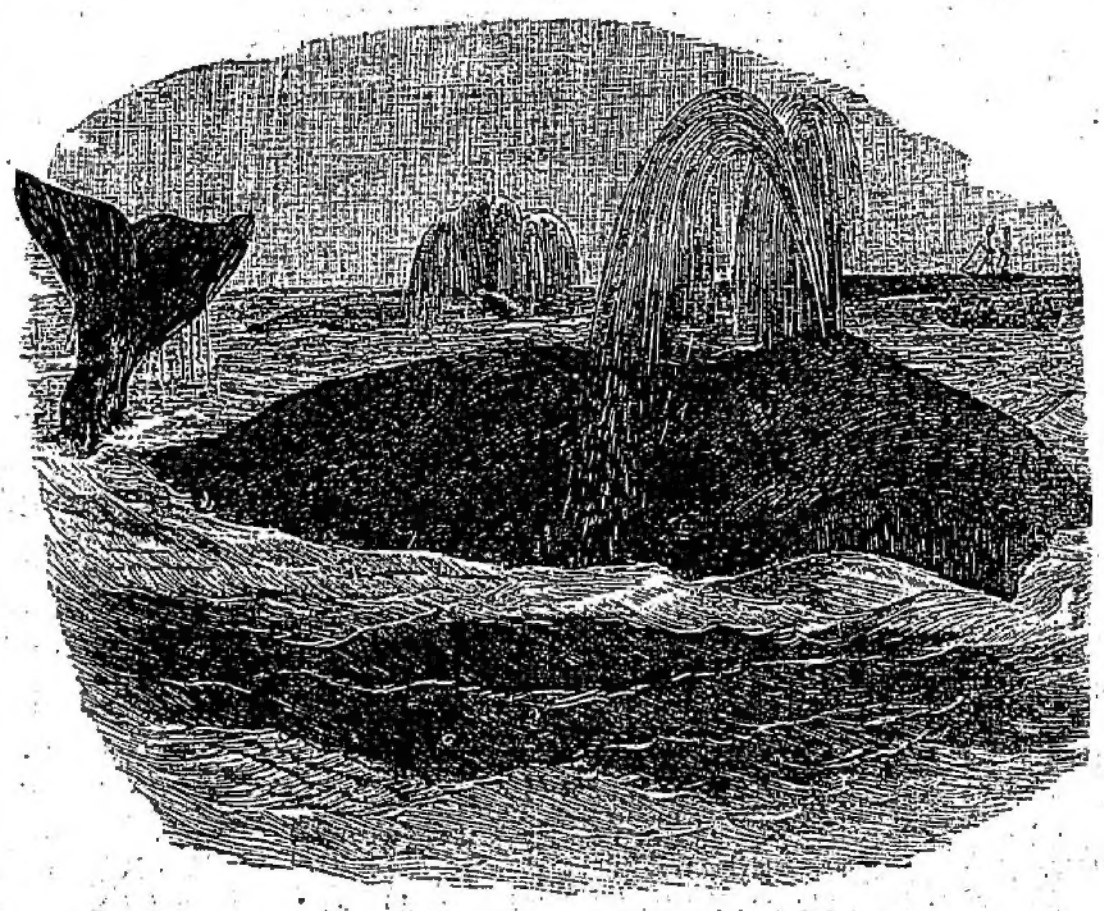
"She was a weak little body, and was trying to carry two children. I took one of them, and we fell to talking, and I found that her husband was a mason. He had gone to work on a hotel in Atlantic City, and she had just heard that he had fallen and broken his leg. She had not a penny to take her to him, and was going to walk.

"I thought, 'Now my chance has come.' And I took a long breath and spoke out loud,—

"'Ladies and gentleman, will you listen to this woman's story?' So I told it just as she told me, and a gentleman passed round his hat, and the people in the car gave her enough to send her to her husband, and to keep her for a month."

A wealthy lady who was in the car stuck by Ann s simple earnestness, made her her almoner, and for years the good woman went up and down among the poor of Philadelphia, bringing comfort to both body and soul.

WHALEBONE.



A SCHOOL OF WHALES.

"FALSE WITNESS" TRIUMPHED OVER.

Father Wilbur was an agent among the Indians of the Northwest. For years he had disbursed the public money, and tens of thousands of dollars had passed through his hands. His reputation was unblemished. He was respected for his honesty, beloved for his charity, revered for his piety. Then a change came. Whispers began to creep around that Father Wilbur was not quite as honest as he was thought to be. He was accused of having been practising for years a system of cheating by which he had laid away $60,000. The charge was definitely made. What did Father Wilbur do? Did he fall back on his character?' By no means; for he understood that it was his character which was on trial. Did he shuffle, and thwart investigation? By no means, Father Wilbur simply packed up his accounts and started for Washington. There he demanded an investigation. It was promptly accorded. His books were soon searched, and his accounts analyzed by official experts. And in the ten years which they covered, one clerical error was found in them of two dollars and forty cents. Father Wilbur's reputation and character were found to agree.—*(San Francisco) Pacific.*

EVERYBODY'S CORNER.

Matty must stand in the corner till she is quite quiet and good, and willing to do as mother tells her.

Not pleasant words to begin a story with, or to be the first which greeted schoolboy Jack as he hurried into the parlor at home

one bright autumn afternoon. They made him stop and give a low whistle, and wish matters had been all right and smooth, as he had such a lot to tell mother and Matty, and, oh, such a lot, too, of nuts in his pockets! Not little dried-up things that you buy for monkeys; but really jolly filberts, fresh from the trees; in their pretty pale-green and brown coats—and such large clusters, too! Why, it had been quite hard work making them go into his pockets; and the other boys had said that he looked every bit like a nubbly old artichoke his pockets stuck out in such queer shapes.

It was a sad sight, to see little Matty in the corner, her face usually so bright and smiling, buried in her pinafore and turned to the wall, and nothing but her soft, pretty golden hair visible above her small white shoulders, which were shaking with sobs, and at first, I fear, with naughty, wilful temper.

Mother's face, too, was sad, as mothers' and fathers' faces always are when their children are naughty and they have to be stern and punish them. Little children do not often believe it, but it hurts father and mother quite as much to punish them as it does the children to have the punishment.

But Matty never is long naughty, and she has soon sobbed out, "Mother, I'm quite good," and is sitting on mother's lap, having her soft curls stroked down, and her big blue eyes wiped dry from the tears by mother's own cool, soft cambric handkerchief. When her trembling lips have found the way to smile again, there is schoolboy brother Jack kneeling before her and mother, emptying his pockets of the pretty greenish-brown clusters of nuts, and telling, as fast as he can, of all the fun he has had, his jumps and his scrambles, his lucky hits and his unlucky falls, while he shows sundry jags and tears in his jacket where the branches and brambles have caught hold of it.

"Oh, Jack! another job for me to-night, before you will be fit to go to school to-morrow morning!" says mother. And Jack, for just one minute, perhaps, feels a shade of remorse for his carelessness, but is far too anxious to get on with his story to give more than a passing thought and a loving little stroke to thore fingers of mother, which presently must do so many stitches to put all to rights again.

Presently a slow step is heard on the stairs, and the tapping of a stick; and mother says,—

"Jack, dear, is granny's corner all right? Bring her chair a bit further forward."

Jack thinks to himself, as he puts granny's footstool as he knows she likes it, and sees that her book and knitting are both handy on the table,—"How funny that there should be two corners!—Matty's over yonder, where she was naughty, and granny's all comfortable by the fire!"

But Jack did not think of things more than other little boys; and he soon had to go up to the nursery tea, where there was plenty of fun and talk, to say nothing of bread and butter—good thick hunches, such as a hungry little schoolboy needed.

Then came the learning his lessons for the next day, which was not quite so pleasant, but which Jack did with all his might, as he was an honest little lad, and knew that work wants our best efforts spent on it to make it good work: and also that if his lessons had not been locked up safely in his brain-drawers, the half-hour with mother, and father, and granny, would not be half so jolly as it was when everything had been done his best by

When he came into the parlor Matty was just saying "Good night," and was a very smiling, good little Matty; and when she was gone Jack bustled up to his father, and thumped down the first volume, of Tom Brown's School Days, which father was reading to him, and which caused father to look over his newspaper and say,—"All right, old boy," we will set to work with Tom directly I have finished this article."

Jack therefore filled up his spare time by seeing how comfortable he could make himself, and had well-nigh succeeded to his own satisfaction when mother's voice from the tea-table broke in with,—

"Leave a corner for me to work in, Jack."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jack, sitting bolt upright on the rug, there it is again!"

"What is again?" asked kind old granny, smiling down on the boy.

"Why the corner, to be sure, granny."

"Corner, Jack! What corner?"

"Why look here, granny," went on the boy eagerly "When I came in this afternoon, the first thing I heard was Matty naughty in the corner. Then, next thing, mother told me to see that your corner was all right and comfortable for you. There were two corners. Then I went upstairs, and there were Matty and the other little ones hard at it, playing at "Puss in the corner!" There, you see, was another one. And now, down here, Mother is asking to have her corner to work in! Is it not odd; four corners all different? Punishment, play, rest, work; not one alike, or wanted for the same thing!"

Granny sat quiet for a minute, looking smilingly into the fire. At last she said, stroking the little boy's curly head with her wrinkled old hand, "Jack, my boy, can you have patience with a bit of old woman's talk? It will not take long."

"Well, you see, Jack, most of us start in life with the idea that we are in some way or other somebody great, and that we have a great world of our own to live in; and one of the lessons we have to learn is—and it is a hard one to learn to most of us—that we are only little ignorant children, with just a small corner to live in.

The first little corner we are sent into in the world is that warm, loving one—the corner in mother's heart: which, because it is such a warm, loving one, makes her glad when her little baby has been granted a place (I hardly like to use the word corner about such a great thing as this is) in Christ's Body—the Church; made a member of Christ, together with all the great saints and holy men. In the corner granted to it the little child grows, and finds it a bright, beautiful place, full of the sunshine of happiness, in which he may play and be merry. But play is not always good for children, so in each child's corner there is placed some work for it to do—just the kind of work that it is best and wisest for him to do. But the little child—aye, and the grown-up and old child, too—often think that they know better than the All-wise Giver of the corner and of the work; and because they like the play best, leave the work alone. Then, because they are doing wrong, the bright sunshine of happiness goes away, and the corner becomes dark and dull; and the wayward, naughty child, becomes cross and unhappy. His great Father then lays the kind hand of chastisement on His naughty child, bidding him to stand still awhile in his corner and be sorry for his fault; just like mother bid Matty this afternoon. When the child is sorry, then comes forgiveness, and his corner ceases to be sad and dark; and if he takes up the work he finds ready there, and does it with right good will, there is the sunshine of happiness all around him again, and he finds it just as bright as mother does hers when she sits by you and father and works. By-and-by the corner has another message for the child, which bids it stay still there. Maybe it is sickness that brings the message, and it says, "You have played and worked a bit, but that is not enough. Now

you must learn to be quiet, to lie still, aye, even to bear pain, if God sees it good for you. It is sent to rub away the dross on the silver image of our King, which each Christian wears; so that when the King comes He may see a faint likeness of Himself—poor, and little, and marred, indeed, but still Himself, made perfect through suffering"—*Sunday.*

The Family Circle.

WHY LITTLE BIRDS HOP AND OTHER BIRDS WALK.

A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,
A-swinging and singing as glad as could be,
And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress
And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song
He flew down in the street, and went hopping along
This way and that way with both little feet,
While his sharp little eyes looked for something to eat.

A little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop!
And tell me the reason you go with a hop.
Why don't you walk, as boys do and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?

"How queer it would look if, when you go out,
You should see little boys go jumping about
Like you, little bird! And you don't know what fun
It is to be able to walk and to run."

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop;
And he said, "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,
And some birds that hop, and some birds that walk.

"Use your eyes, little boy; watch closely, and see
What little birds hop, both feet, just like me,
And what little birds walk, like the duck and the hen,
And when you know that you'll know more than some men.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can walk.
One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

"But most little birds who can sing you a song
Are so small that their legs are not very strong
To scratch with or wade with or catch things —that's why
They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-by."

—*L. J. Bates, in Wide Awake.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

To Milly's surprise and disappointment she saw nothing of Miss Crane during this recreation time, but it was explained before she went to bed, for she heard, to her most profound astonishment, that Augusta was in another division of the school—that specially set apart for the novices, or those who were preparing to take the veil as nuns.

"But Augusta cannot be a novice—she is not going to be a nun; she is a Protestant, like ourselves," said Milly, as soon as she could find her tongue.

"Hush! here is Sister Cecilia, and it's best not to talk about being Protestants here," said the girl who had given her the information about Augusta,

Sister Cecilia was close at their side, and the girl, turning to her, said, "This young lady has been asking about our needlework, sister, and I have been telling her there is little time for anything but study here."

The nun looked at Milly, and Milly at the girl who had uttered this bare-faced falsehood, but Sister Cecilia only said, "The mistress-general will appoint your class presently," and passed on.

"How could you tell such a story?" said Milly, as soon as she was out of hearing.

The girl laughed. "You are shocked at it, are you? Well, I was at first, but you'll soon find out that it's the only way to get on here; only be careful how you do it with the Raven." The last words were spoken in a whisper, for Miss Raven had only left them a minute or two, and was coming toward them again.

"Bother Miss Raven! I shall tell her I don't want her," said Milly, in an under tone.

"No, no; don't do that. We can speak sometimes, perhaps, but we return to discipline to-morrow," and the girl heaved a sigh as she turned away to make room for Miss Raven.

When the hour's recreation was over the girls were summoned to the schoolroom, where the old scholars took their places at their desks to prepare their lessons for the next day, while the mistress-general went through something like an examination of the new scholars' attainments, and appointed them to their different classes.

The two sisters were appointed to different classes, and Milly to a third, apart from either. Amy was dismayed when she heard the mistress-general's decision, for she had already heard that the different classes were kept as much apart as possible, and the individuals—even sisters and relatives—only allowed to speak to each other under certain restrictions and at stated times. They rarely saw each other, except at a distance, and had meals and slept and studied entirely apart.

To be separated from tender-hearted Florie in this way was almost agony to Amy, and she braved the mistress-general's stern look and imperious voice, and begged that she might be put into Florie's class, even though it should be lower than her own.

The nun looked at her with some astonishment for a minute or two, but said at length, "My poor child, you know little of true obedience, I fear."

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I will be very obedient if you will let me stay with Florie," said Amy, imploringly. "Our papa died only a little while ago, and my sister has fretted a good deal, and—"

"That is enough child," said the nun, coldly. "I will see that your sister has a suitable companion," and she turned away to prevent anything further being said.

Amy threw herself down upon a seat and burst into a storm of angry sobs and tears. Florie was crying, too, but more quietly, more resignedly than her sister. For a little while the sisters were left to indulge their grief unrestrainedly. The mistress-general had left them now in charge of Sister Cecilia and another nun, but neither of them took any notice of the two girls for some time, but at last a gentle-looking girl was sent to sit beside Florie, and soon afterward another asked if she might speak to Amy.

"It is a great breach of discipline," said the nun very severely, "but, as we do not return to our usual order until to-morrow, I will permit it, as a great indulgence, Miss Carey."

So Miss Carey seated herself beside Amy, and whispered, "Don't cry; you will soon get over it, and in our happy community forget all your troubles."

"But Florie and I have never been separated, and it seems so cruel," sobbed Amy.

"Every body says that at first, but they soon get used to it," said Miss Carey.

"Do they always separate sisters, then?" asked Amy.

"It is not often that sisters can be in the same class, you know, and so there is no help for it; but I am to share your room, Sister Ursula says, and perhaps I can help you to speak to your sister sometimes—I will if I can, but you musn't tell, for the rules about this are very strict."

"I don't care for the rules, I will speak to my sister," muttered Amy, defiantly.

Miss Carey looked sorry, but she was getting used to such scenes as these, and she had no doubt that Amy's grief would wear itself out in an hour or two, or a day or two at the most, and the sisters would be content with the friends that had been appointed for them. Not that there was any close friendship between any of the girls; that was not allowed. No two girls were allowed to converse together, or walk together, even in recreation time. They might play or talk in groups, but there must be no caressing—no putting their arms round each other's waists, as girl's love to do; no getting into corners and enjoying a quiet laugh or chat, and no romping allowed.

Of course Amy knew nothing of all this yet, and at last she dried her eyes, comforting herself with the thought that she and Florie would spend their recreation time together. When bed-time came, however, it was a fresh grief to see Florie marched into another dormitory. She had not seen her little chamber until now, and was surprised to find that her box was not there, and she said something of this to her companion.

"Sister Catherine has charge of our boxes, and will help us unpack to-morrow," said Miss Carey.

"I don't want any help," said Amy, rather ungraciously. She had been asked if she had a night-dress in her hand-bag, and hearing that she had not, Sister Catherine had placed one on her bed, but in her present mood she declared she would not wear it, and sat down declaring she would not go to bed.

In five minutes, however, the door was thrown back, and Sister Ursula, looking scarcely less stern than the mistress-general herself, appeared in the door-way. "How is this? I have heard talking, when there should be perfect silence, and you are not in bed, Miss Curtis."

"I want my own night-dress," said Amy, sulkily.

"You can have it to-morrow—as soon as Sister Catherine can help you to unpack."

"I would rather unpack by myself," said Amy.

"My child, you have come here to learn obedience, and—must I say it—we insist upon its practice."

Amy saw it would be useless to resist further, and so began to undress, seeing which the nun passed on to open every other door, and then, slowly pacing up and down the room, she began reading or reciting a form of prayer to the Virgin.

This lasted about half an hour, and by that time most of the girls were asleep, and the gas was turned off; but Amy was too unhappy to fall asleep very soon to-night, and, as she lay awake thinking of Florie, and crying softly to herself, she could hear the slow, muffled sounds of footsteps pacing up and down, and once her door was opened, and the almost blinding light of a dark lantern turned full upon her.

Nothing of this seemed to disturb Miss Carey, but Amy felt very uncomfortable. Not for one moment since she had been in the house had she been free from the espionage of the nuns, and it seemed that at night as well as day, sleeping as well as waking, was this ceaseless watch kept up.

But even Amy forgot her annoyance at last, and slept as soundly as the rest, until a bell rang, when Miss Carey instantly jumped out of bed.

Amy did not feel disposed to move at once, but her companion quickly roused her.

"You must make haste," she whispered, "we have only five minutes to dress, and then we must take our places to go to the wash room."

"O dear, what a bother getting up is when you feel tired," said Amy with a yawn. "I wonder—"

"Hush, no talking is allowed," whispered Miss Carey, warningly. But the sister in charge had already heard the sound of voices, and presented herself at the door.

"I must send your names to the Spiritual Mother if the rule of silence is broken again," she said.

Amy had barely time to get all her clothes on when the bell rang again, and every girl stood outside the room door, and then at a given signal, moved slowly down the corridor in single file. Before the image of the Virgin each paused for a moment, crossed herself, and murmured a few words of prayer. Amy was almost the only one who passed it without this reverence, but no notice was taken of her omission, and she passed on to her wash basin, merely looking round in search of Millie and Florie.

She saw her cousin but under the strict rule of silence had no opportunity of speaking to her, and the time allowed for washing did not admit of it either. When this was over they marched back to their bedrooms, in the same order, to make their beds, and put any little finishing touches to their attire they might wish, and the rule of silence was so far relaxed that they might talk to their companions in a low voice, but there must be no shouting, and no visiting each other's rooms. A confused Babel of sounds and hum of voices prevailed for the next quarter of an hour. Amy availed herself of the privilege by asking her companion when she should see her sister.

Miss Carey smiled at her impatience. "We may see her as we go down," she said; "but you must not try to speak to her then."

"Not to ask how she is? I am afraid she will fret in this strange place."

"It will not be strange long. You will like it by and by, as the rest of us do," said Miss Carey.

But Amy shook her head very decidedly. "I can never like being watched as we are here," she said.

"But why need you mind that if you are always obedient?"

"Because it seems like suspicion—as though we were not to be trusted; as though we should get into mischief and do wrong every minute."

"And are we not evil until we have learned true obedience? Have we not just left a world of wickedness and sin? A few of us, who desire to join the religious of this holy house, having learned the evil that is in the world, might, perhaps, be trusted, but for the rest—well, there is no other way, I suppose, or the good sisters would certainly have found it out."

"Do you know Miss Crane? She is one of the novices, I hear."

"Ah! she has been highly favored," said Miss Carey, almost in a tone of envy. "She is to be a religious, I hear, as soon as she is eighteen."

"I cannot understand it. Her friends do not even know that she is a Roman Catholic. My cousin told me she always went to a Protestant Church when she was at home lately."

"Very likely our Mother Superior bade her do so," answered Miss Carey.

"But that was deceiving her parents, and every body else. Would your Superior teach a girl to be deceitful?" asked Amy, forgetting for the moment the lesson on obedience she had heard the previous evening.

Miss Carey had heard nothing of the argument that followed, and answered quickly, "Our Superior could not tell us to do wrong; it cannot be wrong to obey in all things."

"Well I should think it wrong to deceive my mamma, if I were Miss Crane."

"We have no right to set up our poor sinful judgment against one who cannot err, who has been commissioned and set over us by the one infallible Church. It is the Church we obey, and we have no right to question her commands, whatever they may be."

"What! Is a girl to deceive her mother and think she is doing right?"

"She is doing a good work if the Church command it, if what is desired to be done can be done in no other way; and the more painful it is, the more she has to fight against her own judgment in this matter, the more merit does she obtain by doing it."

There was not time to say any more, for the bell rang again, and, taking their places at the door as before, but facing the other way, the girls moved forward.

"We are going to chapel now," Miss Carey had contrived to whisper, as they took their places and Amy felt delighted, for surely now, as neither she or Florie would be going to chapel, they would have a few minutes to themselves.

A lay sister was in charge of each class, and as they passed down stairs into the corridor, Amy contrived to say, "My sister and cousin are Protestants; we do not go to chapel."

"Pass on," was all the answer Amy received, and she went on to the very door of the little chapel, where she could see the nuns were already kneeling before a statue of the Virgin.

With a glance at the altar, however, she turned away, and a lay sister motioned her to stand back against the wall. In a minute or two all the girls who were going had passed through, and about half a dozen were left standing in the dimly lighted passage, in the charge of three lay sisters.

In defiance of their presence Amy attempted to walk some twenty yards back to where Florie was standing, but was at once ordered to stand still. No one else attempted to move or speak, although Amy could see that Milly was casting angry and defiant looks at the lay sister. But they might as well have been cast at the opposite wall. Each sister had taken out a book, and seemed to be following the service going on inside the chapel, kneeling and crossing themselves, and bowing every few minutes,

but still keeping a watchful eye on their prisoners.

For nearly an hour they were kept standing here, until at last the girls grew so restless, and fidgeted so much, standing first upon one foot and then another, by way of recreation, that one of the sisters threatened to report them to the Spiritual Mother.

To their inexpressible relief the chapel door opened at last, and the girls streamed out in single file. Amy was glad to see Miss Carey again, and took her place just in front most readily. She passed close enough to Milly and Florie to touch them, but she only ventured to nod, a warning touch from Miss Carey informing her that she must not attempt more just now.

From chapel they went to the school room, where they studied their lessons in silence for an hour, but Amy not having had any given her to learn, was directed to go with a lay sister, who would give her a book from the library to read.

"What book would you like?" asked the sister.

Amy looked round the book-shelves. This school library was not a very extensive one, but Amy thought there would certainly be a Bible for the use of the scholars, and ventured to ask for it, as her own was locked up in her trunk which had not as yet been opened.

The sister looked up, too much astonished to give a direct reply. "You can have any book there is here," she said.

"Then you haven't got a Bible, I suppose. Well, it doesn't matter much, I'll take another book," and Amy looked all along the shelves to make a selection, but could find nothing to her taste. The library, for the most part, consisted of the "lives" of different Romish saints and heavy theological works. At last Amy lighted upon something that from its title, seemed to be written for children and young people, and, noticing the selection she had made, the sister commended her choice.

"That is a most excellent book, that every body ought to read," said the lay sister; "it is written by a distinguished English priest."

It being written by a priest did not recommend it specially to Amy, but, as the cover bore the imprint, "Books for Children and Young Persons," she thought she might as well take it, and so carried it with her to the school room,

Opening it as soon as she reached her desk, she almost shuddered at the title of one of the tracts—for it was made up of about a dozen smaller books or tract—and one of these was "The Sight of Hell."

Amy looked over the titles of the chapters of this book. Some of them were, "The Swell of Death," "The Soul before Satan," "A Bed of Fire," "The Boiling Kettle," "A Red-hot Oven," and then she went on to read some of the awful descriptions given under these titles of the pains suffered by lost souls.

But it was too dreadful, too horrible, to be read calmly, and, shutting the book, Amy buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. One of the nuns on guard at once came to enquire what was the matter, and, seeing the book she had been reading, offered to take her to the Spiritual Mother, but Amy shook her head.

"Well, I hope you will not forget what you have been reading," said the sister, as she left her.

(To be Continued.)

THE MISTAKE FRANK MADE.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

For half an hour Frank Phillips had swung his axe faithfully, and a generous pile of carefully split stove-wood testified to this fact. "A good, honest worker," a looker-on would have said; but had the observer caught for an instant the expression of Frank's face, he might have been led to think that some pent-up feeling gave nerve to the arm; for while the work seemed to be well and faithfully done, the thought of the worker was far from his task. At the end of half an hour, Frank sat down on a log, and, taking up a hatchet which lay near began splitting a piece of maple into kindling-wood.

"I wonder if anybody else," he said aloud "has as hard a time as I have to live right. It seems as if every time I do appear to have stepped out into the light Uncle Henry manages to give me a knock back into darkness again. I wonder if Paul Fuller could ever be such a Christian as he is, and meet with as much opposition at home as I do. I wish I could see him; I believe just a look into his face would do me good."

The sound of song floated out from one of the upper windows of his uncle's house, and Frank lifted his head to listen:

"Angry words, oh, let them never
From thy tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip,"

were the words which came to him as a rebuke.

"I expect I ought to be ashamed of myself," said the troubled boy, reaching for another stick to split. "Here I've been thinking angry words, and saying them aloud, too, I've no doubt; and there's cousin May, who is opposed in the one thing she thinks most of just as much as I am, singing like that."

The gate-latch clicked, and a glad look came to Frank's face when turning, he saw the familiar form of Paul Fuller approaching.

"I wonder if I can ever be thankful enough that I have such a friend as he is!" thought the demonstrative Frank, as he started up to greet the new comer.

"I wonder if that song has been ringing in your Cousin May's ears as it has in mine, ever since we sang it last Sunday in Sunday-school," said Paul, sitting down on the log and looking up at Frank, who stood before him a moment, and then sat down beside him. "I have made it a part of my morning prayer all this week to ask help that every thought and word and act of mine through the day may be prompted by the 'heart's best impulse.' As much as we have sung that piece I never grasped the meaning in those three words as I have this week."

"I wish I had prayed that prayer all the week," said Frank, thoughtfully. "Perhaps the days would have been happier ones."

"What's been the matter?" asked Paul, kindly. "I was sure you were troubled about something when I met you yesterday, and, really, one object of my coming here to-day was to try and help you if I can, if the trouble has continued."

"It's getting worse and worse every day," said Frank, impetuously. It isn't a thing to be talked much about, Paul, but I feel as if I must tell you. You know Uncle Henry has no interest in religious work, thinks it's all well enough, perhaps, if one has nothing else to do, but he always seems to have something else to do, and thinks I must, too. He opposes me almost every time I attempt to go out to an evening meeting, and says I'd better stay at home and study my arithmetic, or I'll never make a man. His only idea of a man is a business man up to his ears in figures and such things. I did want so to go to our Young People's Meeting last night—I counted on it all day, because I knew if I could see you and the others who like the same things I like, I should feel better; but when I spoke after supper, of going, he actually asked me how much money I expected to make by going to meetings, and then said if there was any money in it I'd better go. I went off to bed very soon, about as miserable a fellow as you ever saw."

Paul's hand suddenly grasped Frank's as it rested on his knee, and a slight tremor, in his voice might have been noticed as he said: "I have been through it, Frank, and know all about it."

"You!" exclaimed Frank. "Why, scarcely five minutes ago I said to myself, 'I wonder if Paul Fuller could be such a Christian as he is and meet with such opposition at home as I do;' and here you are, telling me you have been through it all!"

"I do not care to refer to it often," said Paul; his tones seeming to gather tenderness as they fell upon Frank's ears; "but because something of the same experience has come to you, I am willing to speak of it, if I can in that way help you. Before I came here I lived with my sister and her husband. He was identified with a church which has little sympathy with Protestant believers, and when they were married she went with him. This was four years ago, when I was just your age; and at just the time when I learned very much as I see you are inclined to upon the influence of the meetings I attended, and upon Christian men toward whom my heart was drawn because they seemed to me so true in their ideas of life, and so well worth loving. I need not dwell upon the home opposition. One day when I was feeling very bitterly the unpleasantness of my lot, a good man came to me with a kind word, and I opened my heart to him as I never had done to any one before. When I had told him all, he said, with such tenderness as I could hardly have believed a human being capable of manifesting: 'I think, Paul, that this lack of sympathy at home has caused you to long so intensely for sympathy from some human friend that you depend too much upon it. It would not satisfy you, my boy, if all you have longed for were yours though human sympathy is sweet, helpful, uplifting, and we must not underrate it. Would that this world knew more of it! But don't cling to it, Paul—don't cling to it. Reach out for the friend who sticketh closer than a brother—for One who said, Lo, I am with you always. Think of the loving, tender Christ; despised, rejected, misunderstood, who came unto his own and his own received him not, and remember you are his follower. Your Master can help you as no human friend can.'"

A moment's silence, and Paul continued: "This is just what I would say to you to-day, Frank, for I think you and I are naturally much alike, and advice that would fit my case when my age and experience were the same as yours now will also fit you. I think I can understand, as well as if you had told me all, just what your feeling has been, and I want to warn you against taking any man for a pattern. Meet all opposition with the spirit of your master, pray much for your opposers and for yourself, and make Christ and him only your example. Live your life in just the place God puts you, 'looking unto Jesus' all the time.'"

When at last Paul rose to go new impulses were stirring in the heart of Frank; and afterward, as the weeks and months went by, they left him stronger to "endure hardness" because his eye was fixed on a Perfect Pattern.—*S. S. Times.*

ORDER IN HIS ROOM.

Some of you, perhaps, may know that the United States Government is providing for the education of a good many Indian children, both boys and girls. Some of these are at a special school in Carlisle, Pennsylvania; and others at the Hampton Institute, Virginia, a school for the training of the freedmen.

One of these Indian boys at the Hampton Institute, who had been troubled by other boys playing too much in his room, put the following notice up behind his door:

"March 28, 1881.
"H. N. and A. Institute.

"*Dear Friend Boys!*

"Please, you must not play in here. If you want play go outside play, and don't foolish in here dear friend. That is way to do good way. This all I have to say, my dear friends Gentleman, his wrote,
"Mr. Laughing Face."

This little Indian does not understand English as well as he will by-and-by, but he understands courtesy, and he wants to be diligent. It will be a grand thing to have these Indian children taught good and useful things, that they may benefit their tribes in years to come.—*Child's Paper.*

HARD TO PLEASE.

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. "It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.—*Watchman.*

To Live is to do
What must be done;
To work and be true,
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping your brothers,
And trusting in God.

A Child's Faith.—A Christian mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from her knees, he said, "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when He sees me coming he will say, "Here comes little Willie Johnson.'"

Question Corner.—No. 4.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

37. At what age were the Levites bound to enter upon the service of the tabernacle?
38. At what age did they cease from active service?
39. How many men of renown joined in the rebellion of Korah, Dathan and Abiram against Moses?
40. How many kings did Benhadad, king of Syria, take with him to battle against Ahab?
41. Who said "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off"?
42. On what occasion were they said?
43. How many of his brethren did Joseph present to Pharaoh?
44. David was at one time detained in a city of the Philistines. How did he escape?
45. What was the name of this city and who was the king?
46. What king made the Moabites tributary to Israel?
47. In the reign of what king of Israel did the king of Moab rebel and refuse to pay tribute?
48. Who slew three hundred men with an ox-goad and delivered Israel from the Philistines?

HIDDEN VERSE.

Take a word from each of the following passages and find what Christ said of Himself as an illuminator of mankind.

1. For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth.
2. In God we make our boast all the day long.
3. As for me, I am poor and in misery; haste thee unto me, O God.
4. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.
5. What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.
6. In God have I put my trust.
7. From the ends of the earth will I cry unto thee.
8. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
9. I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.
10. Be still and know that I am God.
11. For God is the King of all the earth.
12. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.
13. He shall not be afraid, of evil tidings; his heart is fixed trusting in the Lord.
14. I will take the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord.
15. And He shall judge the world in righteousness.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2

13. Gedaliah, the son of Ahikam. 2 Kings xxv 22.
14. Daniel and his companions. Dan. i. 6.
15. Hezekiah. 2 Kings xx. 6.
16. The shadow went back ten degrees on the dial. 2 Kings xx. 2.
17. The husband of Naomi and father-in-law of Ruth. Ruth i. 1.
18. Doeg the Edomite. 1 Sam. xxii. 18.
19. At the instigation of Saul. 1 Sam. xxii. 16, 18.
20. Priest of Nob who was slain by Doeg. 1 Sam. xxii. 16.
21. Forty years.
22. Joshua.
23. Christ. John i. 1.
24. Nathanael. John i. 47.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Archelaus. 2, Bethlehem. 3, Herod. 4—5, Orpah and Ruth. 6, Tarsus. 7, Hebrew. 8, Areopagus. 9, Tertullus. 10, Wilderness. 11, Heaven. 12, Idumea. 13, Canaan. 14, Hebron. 15, Isaac. 16, Sarah. 17—18, Esther and Vashti. 19—20, Issachar and Levi. "Abhor that which is evil." Rom. 12:9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No 1.—John A. McNaughton, 12; David McGee, 12; Nellie Rowley, 11; Harry Wallace, 11; Sarah Bell McKinnon, 10 ac; Mary Annie McKinnon, 10 ac; Louisa J. Wansley, 10; M. Dimma, 10; Lizzie F. Weatherby, 10; James Wainwright, 5; Mary A. Hamlin, 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.

March 12, 1882.] [Mark 5: 1-20.

POWER OVER EVIL SPIRITS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 18-20.

1. And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes.

2. And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit,

3. Who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains:

4. Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him.

5. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones.

6. But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him,

7. And cried with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

8. For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.

9. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many.

10. And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.

11. Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

12. And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

13. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, (they were about two thousand) and were choked in the sea.

14. And they that fed the swine fled, and told it in the city, and in the country. And they went out to see what it was that was done.

15. And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid.

16. And they that saw it told them how it befell to him that was possessed with the devil, and also concerning the swine.

17. And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts.

18. And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him.

19. Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord had done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.

20. And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."—1 JOHN 3: 8.

TOPIC.—Christ Ruling Demons.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE WORK OF DEMONS. 2. THE DEMONS CAST OUT. 3. THE DEMONIAC SAVED.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28, the morning after the storm. Place.—The country of the Gadarenes, on the east side of the Sea of Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE WORK OF DEMONS.—(1-5.) V. 1. GADARENES—Matthew calls it the country of the Gergesenes. Matt. 8: 28. Recent authorities locate the place here meant near the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, over against Capernaum. The modern Cherea or Gersa answers to all the conditions of the narrative. V. 2. TOMBS—caves in the rocks, sometimes natural, but oftener artificial, were used as tombs. A MAN—Matthew speaks of two. Matt. 8: 28. Why Mark and Luke speak of only one we know not. Perhaps only one was healed and the other fled away. Vs. 3-5. The man was very violent, and persons passing that way were in danger from his attacks. Matt. 8: 28. Night after night his cries were heard as he ran about cutting himself with stones.

II. THE DEMONS CAST OUT.—(6-14.) V. 6. WORSHIPED HIM—these demons knew and acknowledged his power. V. 7. THOU SON OF THE MOST HIGH GOD—"the devils also believe and tremble." I ADJURE THEE—the language of the demon. "We implore thee to deal with us as God himself does, and not yet bring upon us our final doom." V. 9. LEGION—the name of a body of Roman troops from three to six thousand in number. V. 10. BESOUGHT HIM—they wished to make the best terms they could. V. 11. SWINE—it is the nature of evil spirits to work injury somewhere. If they must leave the man they want to curse the swine. V. 13. JESUS GAVE THEM LEAVE—perhaps to punish the owner for engaging in an unlawful traffic. (See Lev. 11: 7.)

III. THE DEMONIAC SAVED.—(15-20) V. 15. SITTING.... RIGHT MIND—there could be no doubt about the miracle. The man was well known; he had been an object of terror. Now they saw him peaceful and quiet. The word of Jesus can bring peace to the most sinful and wretched. V. 17. BEGAN TO PRAY HIM—they cared more for the loss of the swine than for the cure of the man. He went, and, so far as we know, never returned. So now people often ask Jesus to leave them. They do not say the word, but their hearts ask it. When he goes he may never return. V. 18. PRAYED HIM—every one who has been delivered from the bondage of Satan wants to be with Jesus. This man would gladly have gone with his deliverer, but Jesus had other work for him to do. He was to tell of the Saviour in the region where he was known and had been dreaded. V. 20. DECAPOLIS—a district south and east of the Sea of Galilee, including ten cities, as the name means.

TEACHINGS:

1. The malice, craft and power of evil spirits often hold men in cruel bondage.
2. The work of evil spirits is always ruinous.
3. Christ by his authority over the powers of evil can drive them out of the heart of man and leave him safe.
4. He can save us from our bad habits.
5. He can strengthen us to resist temptations to evil.
6. It is a dangerous thing to send Christ away; he may never return.
7. It is foolish to think more of money than of your soul.

REMEMBER that if we yield to evil habits they will make slaves of us in the end. What an awful thing it is to be the slave of the devil! Remember that no one but Jesus frees us from sin's power, but he can break the strongest chains.

LESSON XII.

March. 19, 1882.] [Mark 5: 21-43.

POWER OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 21-23.

21. And when Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto him; and he was nigh unto the sea.

22. And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet.

23. And besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.

24. And Jesus went with him; and much people followed him, and thronged him.

25. And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,

26. And had suffered many things of physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,

27. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.

28. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.

29. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.

30. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?

31. And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?

32. And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.

33. But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.

34. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

35. While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?

36. As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, *Be not afraid*, only believe.

37. And he suffered no man to follow him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James.

38. And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly.

39. And when he was come in, he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.

40. And they laughed him to scorn. But when he had put them all out, he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying.

41. And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.

42. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with great astonishment.

43. And he charged them straitly that no man should know it; and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be not afraid, only believe"—MARK 5: 36.

TOPIC.—Christ Ruling Sickness and Death.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A FATHER'S PRAYER. 2. A TIMID TOUCH. 3. A SORROWFUL MESSAGE. 4. A WONDERFUL MIRACLE.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28, shortly after the last lesson. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—After healing the demoniac our Lord returned to Capernaum. Matthew invited him to a feast at his house. There he conversed with some Pharisees, and afterward with some of John's disciples. While he was speaking with them, Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came asking him to heal his daughter. Then followed the miracles of this lesson.

I. A FATHER'S PRAYER.—V. 22. THERE COMETH—to the house of Matthew. See Matt. 9: 18. RULERS—men in charge of the synagogues, like our church officers: elders and trustees. FELL AT HIS FEET—bowed very low, after the Eastern custom. V. 23. MY LITTLE DAUGHTER—twelve years old (v. 42), and his only daughter Luke 8: 42. SHE SHALL LIVE—he came with full faith that even if she were dead, Jesus could restore her to life. V. 24. JESUS WENT WITH HIM—ready, as ever, to answer the cry of distress.

II. A TIMID TOUCH.—V. 25. A CERTAIN WOMAN—her faith was so great and her humility so deep that she desired only to touch the fringe of Christ's outer robe. V. 30. VIRTUE—healing power. Jesus knew that timid touch of faith even amid the throng. V. 33. FEARING—perhaps she thought that Jesus would be offended, but she told him all the truth. So we should tell Jesus all our sins and all our needs, assured that he will never turn us away. Then he will say to us also, Go in peace.

III. A SORROWFUL MESSAGE.—V. 35. THY DAUGHTER IS DEAD—what he feared had taken place. WHY TROUBLEST THOU—how little they know Jesus who think that the prayers of the needy trouble him! V. 36. ONLY BELIEVE—Jesus could raise the dead as easily as heal the sick. All things are possible to him now as then.

IV. A WONDERFUL MIRACLE.—V. 37. PETER, JAMES AND JOHN—the three who were afterward with him on the Mount of Transfiguration (ch. 9: 2) and in Gethsemane, ch. 14: 33. V. 38. TUMULT—it was usual then, as now, in Eastern countries, to hire mourners who made noisy demonstrations of grief. V. 39. NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH—she would soon rise up from the dead like one who wakes from sleep. 1. Thess. 4: 13-16. V. 42. STRAIGHTWAY—though dead, she heard the voice of the Lord and obeyed. Jesus only needed to speak the one word, Arise, and the dead lived again. V. 43. SOMETHING TO EAT—He who could raise the dead with a word thoughtfully cares for the wants of a child. Her eating proved also her cure.

TEACHINGS:

1. Jesus is divine—God as well as man.
2. He has power over disease, death and the grave.
3. He sympathizes with the suffering and the distressed.
4. His word gives comfort to the mourner.
5. He will never rebuke or repulse those who seek his help.
6. Fear should never keep us from telling the truth.
7. We may trust Christ in the darkest hour.
8. Great faith is pleasing to him, and finds great reward.
9. The time is coming when all the dead shall hear his voice.

REMEMBER that all of us have spiritual diseases, that no human power can heal them, but that Jesus can and will if we come to him with them.

MEMORY AND LONGEVITY OF PARROTS.

We had two of our parrots for many years. One died at twenty-five years old, the other after being forty-seven years in the possession of our family in England. He was supposed to be a young bird when purchased at Valparaiso, but that we could not be certain about, as he looked sprightly, handsome, and in full plumage to the day of his death, and is now one of the stuffed occupants of a glass case. A young lady friend used to tease this bird by poking her umbrella or any other article she could lay hold of close to the bars of his cage. Tom, as we called him, would make frantic efforts to reach her, and his eyes almost seemed to flash fire when she came near. The girl left school, and for three years had no opportunity of teasing the parrot. At the end of that time being on a visit in the neighborhood, she called at our house. The moment Tom heard her voice in the hall, and before she entered the room, he became greatly excited, and when she approached the cage was in a perfect fury of passion. "What, Tom," said she, "is it possible you remember my old tricks and cannot forgive me yet?" At the moment she foolishly put her fingers near the wires, and Tom promptly revenged himself by a cruel bite, which gave her a practical lesson as to the inexpediency of teasing a captive bird with such a memory and such a powerful beak. The same bird recognized my voice after an absence of ten years, and would not be satisfied until I took him on my finger and petted and caressed him, as I had been accustomed to do when he and I dwelt under the same roof.

THE COVETOUS ROMAN, Crassus the Triumvir, lived for gold, and sought it through politics, and traffic and war. Wealth brought place and power, and these were used to give more gold. For gold more than for ambition, he projected his campaign in Mesopotamia against the Parthian power. On this mad scheme he pushed, in spite of all cautions, until betrayed and beheaded, he lay among the slaughtered Romans who had followed him. His head was sent to the Parthian king, and this remorseless conqueror poured melted gold into his mouth saying, in supreme vengeance and satire, Now be satisfied with what thou coveted'st all thy life!" So the world rewards the greedy man's avarice. It lures him on, and fills him with riches till they choke and scorch his soul.

PRIZES.

This year we have published none of our prizes in the MESSENGER thinking it better far to give our readers the benefit of the space and send the prize list on a separate sheet to those who desire to see what they are. The list this year is said to be the best yet issued from this office. A copy will be sent to all who send for it. Send your name and address on a post card.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

The WEEKLY MESSENGER has already shown that it was needed by the cordial reception it has received. Already, although the only notice of it has been in the NORTHERN MESSENGER and in the sample copies sent out, it has obtained nearly five hundred subscribers in three weeks, which is most satisfactory. It is unlike any newspaper that we know of. It is small and is printed in large and beautiful type, yet contains a summary of the principal news of the world right up to date, written in a simple style so as to be understood by everybody. In addition it has everything in the NORTHERN MESSENGER except the story, instead of which "Firebrands" appears in the WEEKLY MESSENGER. The price is fifty cents a year, and subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER who have paid their subscription for a year can have the WEEKLY MESSENGER instead by paying twenty cents extra. Some few of our subscribers have misunderstood this announcement and have sent the additional twenty cents and asked for both the papers, for the fifty cents.

PICTURE STORIES.

The competition for the Picture Stories has been ended. We have received nearly a thousand letters which shows the amount of literary talent amongst the readers of this paper. We hope to be able to announce the prize winners in the next number; but if we do not the great labor of reading and comparing the great number of stories must be our excuse.

WORKING FOR THE MESSENGER.

Many of our friends, old and young, are working for the MESSENGER and doing good work too. We thank them heartily for it, and wish them every success.

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